# THE FATAL THIRTEEN.

## Striking Incidents of the Death of a Songstress.

## Dreadful Realization of a Superstitious Adage.

## A Mocking Bird's Requiem at the Grave.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 14, 1882. Mme. Caroline Richings-Bernard, the well-known cantatrice, died last night, after midnight, of smallpox, after a sickness of 13 days. She had the dread disease in its worst type. She became delirious three days ago, and suffered the most intense agony. She came to Richmond two years ago from Baltimore, being engaged, with her husband, by the Mozart Musical Association. Under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, the Mozart operas were given during the winter. In addition, she had a large conservatory of music. Two days before she was stricken down, a lady friend told her of the spread of smallpox all over the country, and begged her to be vaccinated, but she declined, as she had no fears of taking the disease, having been vaccinated as an infant, so she thought, but there is some doubt about it. Her illness and death created profound grief throughout the city, and over society circles has cast a gloom. The night before she was stricken down she attended the performance of "Patience," and remarked that she felt badly, but, notwithstanding, she enjoyed the clever hits in the opera. She had the smallpox then and did not know it. The next day she sent for her physician, and he told her that she had the terrible disease. During her sickness she received every attention. The superstitious recall some singular coincidences connected with her illness and death. A few days before she was attacked she celebrated the 13th anniversary of her wedding, and, at the dinner table on that occasion, 13 people were seated. The superstition which makes the number 13 an omen of disaster was commented upon at the time and laughed at. It is remarkable that the unfortunate lady died after a sickness of 13 days, and on the 13th of the month. For three days before her death she was delirious, and at times the anxious watchers about her bedside were startled by her singing snatches of her favorite airs, and noted that to the last the pains of death could not mar the richness and purity of her voice. Her burial took place at 5 o'clock this evening, and, under the law regulating such cases, was as private as possible. A delegation from the Mozart Association was present, and Rev. Dr. Armstrong of the Monumental Episcopal Church read the service. She was interred in Hollywood Cemetery by the river side, and not far from the quarter in which is situated President James Monroe's tomb, as well as that of the confederate cavalry leader, Gen. Jeb Stuart.

A beautiful and touching incident is related of the burial of the dead songstress. Early this morning a mocking bird escaped from its cage in the upper part of the city, and, though diligent search was made, its owner could not find it. This evening, as the last clods of earth were being thrown on the grave of the opera singer, a succession of trills and clear warbling was poured forth from the throat of a mocking bird perched in a tree near by, and was continued until the minister had pronounced the benediction. It was recognized as the missing bird, and at sundown it returned home and went back into its cage, which had been left open in the window.

Mrs. Bernard, some time since, connected herself with the Episcopal church here, and took communion at the Monumental Church on the 1st of January. The burial certificate stated that the deceased was born in London, was 49 years old, and came to America in 1852. Her maiden name was Caroline Richings Bernard was the daughter of Peter Richings, and has been identified with English opera organizations in this country for a quarter of a century or more. She is one of the most brilliant careers of any artist in English opera in this country, and for many years was the prima donna of a company bearing her own name which made many successful tours through the country. She married Pierre Bernard, the basso, some years ago, and has recently been a resident of Richmond, Va., where she has, with her husband, kept up an interest in light operas by assisting in their production under the auspices of the Mozart Club, an organization of similar standing, and maintained much like the singing clubs of this city. During the recent visit of the De Molay commandery of Knights Templars of Boston to Richmond, Mrs. Bernard appeared, probably for the last time, in an operatic performance, taking the rôle of Inez in Julins Eichberg's "Doctor of Alcantara." Her popularity as an artist when before the public followed her in her partial retirement, and she has been one of the moving spirits in all the musical interests of Richmond during her residence there.

# THE SMALLPOX.

## A Recipe for What Is Claimed to Be an Infallible Remedy.

At the time of the smallpox scare, in 1872, when Boston was so sorely afflicted, a recipe for a remedy was twice published in the Hartford Times, and some one in Boston obtained a copy accompanied by a letter from the editor, who stated that there were people in Hartford who could vouch for its efficiency. It was said that a person who tried it in Ohio in a case of confluent smallpox, where the doctor had little hope, found that it cured the patient in a few days. Other cases were then tried and every one was successful. The remedy was said to be equally sure in scarlet fever, and to prevent or cure the smallpox, even though the pittings were filling. The recipe was as follows:

"Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in 12 hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age."

Of this recipe a physician said: "When Jenner discovered cowpox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this panacea for smallpox it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by well persons." It is remarkable that this remedy should not be more widely known if it is what is claimed. It might be well for some of our physicians to try it and make a public statement of the result.

## Wages and the Tariff.

*To the Editor of the Herald:* As several communications have appeared in the HERALD touching the injury which the tariff was inflicting upon the laboring man, one of the latest relating especially to the price of woollens, may I ask you to give the following suggestive figures taken from an article on the subject in the Boston Commercial Bulletin of this morning:

"Are not woollen goods costing more today than thaa they were in the low tariff year 1860? In answer to this question we have obtained we have obtained the following table, showing the manufacturers' prices of several kinds of woollen goods today and in 1860:

| | 1882. | 1860. |
|---|---|---|
| Fitchburg cassimeres, per yard, | 85c. | 95c. |
| Hatfield Fox & Co. cashmeretts... | 38½c. | 46c. |
| Men's ribbed socks, per doz. pr. | $4.50 | $8.00 |
| Ladies' ribbed hose..... | 3.00 | 4.25 |
| Blankets, 9-4 Goodi..... | 1.75 | 1.87½ |
| Blankets, 10-4 Goodi..... | 2.25 | 2.37½ |
| Blankets, 11-4 Goodi..... | 2.75 | 3.00 |
| Blankets, 12-4 XX Rochdale.... | 9.00 | 8.00 |
| Moscow beavers, all wool..... | 3.00 | 4.00 |
| Moscow beavers, cotton warp.... | 1.00 | 1.25 |

We have given the trade names of some of the goods compared, in order that there may be no doubt of the accuracy of the comparison."

With regard to wages, the following statement is made by the same authority:

"One of the principal objects of the protectionist is claimed to be to benefit the laborer, and, if it could be shown that this purpose had not been achieved by the high rate of duties existing since 1861, then the cause of protection would be greatly weakened. The number of people employed in the woollen industries of the country may have been increased since 1860, but how about their wages? That is a fair question, and, in answer to it, we present the following figures, representing the average weekly wages of woollen-mill operatives in Massachusetts today and in 1860:

| | 1882. | 1860. |
|---|---|---|
| Weavers..... | $9.40 | $6.88 |
| Spinners..... | 7.90 | 5.72 |
| Dyers..... | 7.00 | 5.32 |
| Scourers..... | 4.60 | 3.37 |
| Overseers..... | 13.50 | 8.90 |
| Carders..... | 9.50 | 7.50 |
| Boys..... | 3.50 | 6.73 |
| Overseers..... | 20.00 | 12.00 |

It appears, therefore, that the average weekly wages of woollen mill operatives in Massachusetts are 40 per cent. higher today than they were in 1860."

Those who believe in a fair protective tariff are willing to rest their cause upon indisputable facts like the above. BUSINESS.

Boston, Jan. 14, 1882.

## FINE ARTS.

Some Venetian pictures by Bunce and new figure subjects by Charles Pearce of unusual interest have been received by Williams & Everett. No artist who arrives at the point of foreign travel seems to think he has done his full duty unless he adds his own impressions of Venice to the countless numbers who have preceded him, but, with all the varied impressions thus given, it cannot be said that the theme is exhausted or tiresome, or incapable of causing fresh inspiration. Mr. Bunce has found in the incomparable water front of Venice and the picturesque Italian craft, which could scarcely be more delightful to artists' eyes than if devised with a view to their special service, a medium felicitously suited to his fine feeling for color. In his group of nearly a dozen small pictures, he has given what might be called tone impressions. They are simple in composition, and do not essay to render any of the individual characteristics of Venice in the broad sense. They give a sky and water that unite the subtlest variety of tints in a beautiful harmony with a boat, or a group of them, to intensify the general scheme of color. They are beautiful effects, which give delight in the sense that a harmonious strain of music does. One of the largest of these views is a moonlight, which differs from the conventional blue effect so often seen. This is a combination of low, rich colors, seen, as it were, through a veil of colder gray. The pictures of Pearce are differing from anything recently exhibited by him. They indicate a fresh impulse, and have less hardness than formerly. One is called "Blossom Time." It is an oblong canvas, showing the head and shoulders of a dark-haired young girl leaning over a bough of an apple tree, laden with blossoms, which surrounds the pretty, dark face with abundant light tints. It is a pretty composition; the face is less sharp in outline and hard modelling than many others, and the color is more pleasing. Another larger picture shows a peasant girl in a meadow gathering dandelions. The landscape seems too pale and gray in its greens, for this vernal time of the year, but the figure is admirable in solidity of painting, and in strong relief. There is a glimpse of promising sentiment, too, in this work which is more than we have yet been able to find in the artist's previous pictures. A third picture is called "Poppies." The name springs from the brilliant masses of these flowers which peer up about the head of a brown-haired, somewhat buxom maiden, in a white jacket and gray bodice, whose figure is relieved against a faint-green, hillside background. These pictures are strongly and fairly painted; but, when they show some better and more hopeful qualities than heretofore, they yet lack the grace and unity of real poetic feeling, which is only the more noticeable because of their excellences. A creditable work for a young man is a figure picture by Churchill, who is studying in Paris. It depicts the figure of a blonde girl, in a white waist and pink skirt, seated before an easel, looking at the picture for which she has evidently been sitting. This is a good work in color and execution. A recent picture by E. L. Weeks has also been received by this firm. In composition and color, it is a remarkably effective and vigorous work. It describes the scene of a public fountain in Morocco. The fountain is in the arch of a fine building, brilliant with stone mosaic and rich in ornamental architecture. Before this building is a group of gayly-dressed orientals, with their horses, presenting a vivid picture of life and color. The rising reputation of this artist in Paris shows the value of earnest and persistent study in one direction. Mr. Weeks has for many years devoted himself exclusively to the study and portrayal of eastern life, and he is now winning appreciation and reward. He has certainly penetrated into the inner spirit and atmosphere of the land, which is at once beautiful, artistic and impressively mysterious. Another interesting picture by Weeks, showing a group of figures encamped in the desert, with a sunset hue flushing the distant white sands, is exhibited in the window of Noyes & Blakeslee.

Black and white pictures, ordinarily, fail to excite general interest. They must, of course, lack the pleasing qualities of color, which often goes a long way toward redeeming other worthless pictures, especially if the color be exceptionally fine. The black and whites, therefore, must rely upon the severe tests of drawing, composition and sentiment. In the collection of works by the Salmagundi Club, at Doll & Richards', the contributors seem to have striven to meet these tests. As a whole, therefore, the exhibition is more attractive than most of its kind. There are many oil paintings in the collection which vary the character of the display and give a certain vigor which the pencil alone cannot seem to render. Arthur Quartley has a small view of New York from North river, treated in this manner, which is good, though, by no means, one of his best. Charles Volkmar has a spirited picture, representing a big goose flapping her wings in a manner indicative of alarm, and calling her young ones out of the water. J. Francis Murphy has two fine landscapes, which show the same tender feeling that distinguishes his work in color. "A Bit of Sunshine" is especially charming in its rural simplicity and the suggestion of the subtle features of such a scene. "An Old Brickyard," by Von Boskerek, depicts in a strong way the cold and wet atmosphere of a dark day in a barren picturesque place. E. M. Richards is a new name, but his contributions show strength and individuality. His figures in "All Together" indicate the possible action required in beaching a boat in good style, and his "Old Mill" is good in composition and general treatment. Bellows has a drawing of "Hop Gatherers," which is good in conception, but finical, cramped and commonplace in style. Altogether different in effect, though expressive in the same delicacy, is a sketch by F. Hopkinson Smith. The foliage and undergrowth are exquisitely fine and yet they show a freedom in drawing which proves that breadth and delicacy are not incompatible qualities in the same work. A large coast view, by Wolcott, of the Northern Coast, is painted in oil and is a fine, and vigorous composition. The wave forms and the steam of flying surf are as skilfully painted as anything in the collection. Charles Dewey is represented by one of two clever little pictures, "On the Sand" being very simple but effective; also "Stranded," an old boat beached. A curiously expressive bit of philosophy is "The Sere and Yellow Leaf," the figure of an old man, a typical New England farmer, in his old slouch hat, standing in the midst of an autumnal landscape. The figure is capital in pose and character, and the landscape itself is full of delicacy and tenderness. A graceful and pretty female figure is by J. Wells Champney, but many of the figures in black and white are hard and have the appearance of photographic work. Blashfield's picture, "King Canute," however, does not come into this category. It is a very choice and spirited picture, showing the artist's superior knowledge in the matter of composition. One of the largest and best of the purely landscape works is "The Ford," by Van Elten. Other interesting pictures are "Summer," and "Twilight," by J. Appleton Brown; a vase of roses, by Agnes Bryan; drawings from the summer school of philosophy, by J. A. Mitchell; "The Rising Moon," by Percy Moran; "Waiting for a Bite," by T. Robinson; study, by Miss Bartol; "Crossing Buzzard's Bay," by Harry Chase; "A Windy Day," by F. S. Church, etc.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt has a group of portraits at Chase's gallery, which include a painting of Minister James Russell Lowell. The rest of the portraits are of women. Mr. Lowell does not look in this picture like the American poet and Harvard professor, nor, indeed, like an American at all. The artist has seen fit to array him in scarlet drapery, which is said to be the vestment he wore when receiving his Oxford degree, and the other worthless pictures, especially if the color be exceptionally fine. The black and whites, therefore, must rely upon the severe tests of drawing, composition and sentiment. In the collection of works by the Salmagundi Club, at Doll & Richards', the contributors seem to have striven to meet these tests. As a whole, therefore, the exhibition is more attractive than most of its kind. There are many oil paintings in the collection which vary the character of the display and give a certain vigor which the pencil alone cannot seem to render. Arthur Quartley has a small view of New York from North river, treated in this manner, which is good, though, by no means, one of his best. Charles Volkmar has a spirited picture, representing a big goose flapping her wings in a manner indicative of alarm, and calling her young ones out of the water. J. Francis Murphy has two fine landscapes, which show the same tender feeling that distinguishes his work in color. "A Bit of Sunshine" is especially charming in its rural simplicity and the suggestion of the subtle features of such a scene. "An Old Brickyard," by Von Boskerek, depicts in a strong way the cold and wet atmosphere of a dark day in a barren picturesque place. E. M. Richards is a new name, but his contributions show strength and individuality. His figures in "All Together" indicate the possible action required in beaching a boat in good style, and his "Old Mill" is good in composition and general treatment. Bellows has a drawing of "Hop Gatherers," which is good in conception, but finical, cramped and commonplace in style. Altogether different in effect, though expressive in the same delicacy, is a sketch by F. Hopkinson Smith. The foliage and undergrowth are exquisitely fine and yet they show a freedom in drawing which proves that breadth and delicacy are not incompatible qualities in the same work. A large coast view, by Wolcott, of the Northern Coast, is painted in oil and is a fine, and vigorous composition. The wave forms and the steam of flying surf are as skilfully painted as anything in the collection. Charles Dewey is represented by one of two clever little pictures, "On the Sand" being very simple but effective; also "Stranded," an old boat beached. A curiously expressive bit of philosophy is "The Sere and Yellow Leaf," the figure of an old man, a typical New England farmer, in his old slouch hat, standing in the midst of an autumnal landscape. The figure is capital in pose and character, and the landscape itself is full of delicacy and tenderness. A graceful and pretty female figure is by J. Wells Champney, but many of the figures in black and white are hard and have the appearance of photographic work. Blashfield's picture, "King Canute," however, does not come into this category. It is a very choice and spirited picture, showing the artist's superior knowledge in the matter of composition. One of the largest and best of the purely landscape works is "The Ford," by Van Elten. Other interesting pictures are "Summer," and "Twilight," by J. Appleton Brown; a vase of roses, by Agnes Bryan; drawings from the summer school of philosophy, by J. A. Mitchell; "The Rising Moon," by Percy Moran; "Waiting for a Bite," by T. Robinson; study, by Miss Bartol; "Crossing Buzzard's Bay," by Harry Chase; "A Windy Day," by F. S. Church, etc.


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# ART'S APOSTLE.

## England's Æsthete at the Photographer's Gallery.

## The Too-Too Reception Suit Accompanies Him,

## And He Poses in a Score of Exquisite Styles.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1882. Oscar Wilde has been on exhibition since his arrival here at private receptions, and once on the lecture platform, and, perhaps, the stalwart but fair æsthete would himself admit that his person has been of much more interest than his philosophy. Of course, an object of so much feminine curiosity—for the mad infatuation of the lone, lorn maidens for Bunthorne in Gilbert's charming opera is only a caricature of the real admiration lavished on this apostle of the beautiful—could not escape the photographers. Some of them were so anxious to get sittings from him, that they began to negotiate with his managers before the young æsthete's departure from England. Sarony was the lucky one.

The poet has proved very tractable since he has been in this city, so, when he was told that he must go and sit for pictures, he attired himself in faultless raiment, packed up his reception suit—the "too too" one, which consists of a velvet swallow-tail coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings and pumps—and set out for Sarony's. The scenes at the studio were more amusing to those who had the fortune to be there, than any that have taken place since the poet began his career in this country. Sarony himself, when in a good humor, is, as they say, as good as a show—with his very short stature and frisky ways. But first Posthelwaite's dress on this occasion. To begin at the top, he wore a sealskin cap, with the side-flaps tied across the crown. A cravat of sky-blue (a favorite color with him) hid from view what of his shirt front left bare by his waistcoat.

A BLACK VELVET JACKET,

a magnificent pair of brown trousers and patent leather shoes completed his dress, except the fur-lined and fur-trimmed ulster which envelops his tall form when he goes out, almost from top to toe.

Sarony was waiting for him in the reception room, momentarily expecting his arrival, his little figure (he is not much over four and a half feet high) crowned with a red Turkish fez. When the tall æsthete entered, the pair looked like the giant and the dwarf greeting each other.

"Ah, here is a picturesque subject, indeed!" exclaimed the artist, clapping his hands and dancing around the room.

The poet, who is much given to laughing and smiling, laughed and smiled in return. After dancing around still more, Sarony asked the apostle of the beautiful and true if he had ever seen his (Sarony's) nose.

"Your nose?" asked Wilde, laughing immodcrately.

Then it was told that years ago Sarony was caricatured by a rival photographer, who selected his very prominent nose as a particular feature to be developed. But the subject of the caricature was by no means crushed by this, in fact, he went on enlarging his maligned feature himself until it assumed enormous proportions, and portraits showing the result of his artistic endeavor in this direction are found on the walls of the gallery everywhere. Sarony went around, with his peculiar shuffling gait, and pointed some of them out. But there is something that he takes more interest in than his nose, and that is his wife. He has taken her picture in all possible attitudes and in all sorts of costumes; and these portraits are met with as frequently in his studio as those of his own nose. If a visitor manifest especial interest in

HIS WIFE'S PICTURES,

he will pull out still others from drawers and portfolios. They are without end. But this was not enough, so he must exhibit some particularly fine studies of the nude. He was delighted when they were approved, and, in his good spirits, he fell to dancing around the room again.

When these preliminaries were over the artist turned his attention to manipulating the subject. The young apostle of æstheticism has a great stock of hair that falls down on his shoulders in folds and ringlets. That was a good point, giving a picturesque effect. It was manifest that Sarony regretted the straight lines. Therefore it must be kept on—at least for the first series of sittings. Turning out the edges of the ulster, turning back this corner, smoothing out saline lines and lines of thought, putting the poet's hands this way and that way, putting him at side view, full face, three-quarters standing, sitting, his legs disposed so, and again so, the little man in the red fez, backing off each time to see the effect, finally made up his mind to have a dozen pictures, rubbing his hands in anticipation, and, giving orders that all visitors should be kept at a distance, he went dancing ahead to the gallery. Posthelwaite and the others followed.

The artist's patience in conducting the sittings was much the same as usual, except that he took extraordinary pains in getting the postures to suit him. To keep the poet in a pleasant mood and from showing signs of weariness, he kept up a constant rain of small talk. Sometimes, when the poet was asleep, Sarony turned his back, those present doing the same at his bidding, and, throwing his head back, looked up through the windows in the roof at the sky. He does this, whenever he takes a picture, like an automaton. The operator, at this signal, removed the screen from the camera, turned his back to the sitter and began to whistle. This was also a part of the programme, and, through much repetition, has become as mechanical as Sarony's

LOOKING UP AT THE SKY.

After a few moments the whistling died away, and some commonplace remarks were exchanged between the artist and the matter-of-fact operator. These performances, from first to last, were gone through for the purpose of breaking the stiff constraint on the subject as much ease as possible in his strained position. This rigmarole was repeated eight or ten times, and then the æsthete exchanged his ulster and jacket and elegant brown trousers for a dress coat, knee breeches and buckles and silk stockings. About as many more sittings completed the second set, and the thing was done. But no celebrity gets out of Sarony's studio without first writing his autograph in an album. Still other sittings of Mrs. Sarony were produced and looked at, after which the party took its departure, Mr. Wilde with some of Mrs. Sarony's pictures in his pocket.

These photographs of Oscar Wilde are exceedingly interesting to any one who has a curiosity to know something of his personal appearance. One of them is a panel, and represents the poet with his ulster on in a sitting posture. His hair is parted in the middle, and falls down at the sides of his face on his shoulders. The elbow of his left arm rests on his knee, and his chin leans on his left hand; the right hand rests on the other knee, and clutches a pair of gloves. As his head is thrown considerably forward, his eyes are turned upward, giving his face a rapt, ecstatic expression. Another panel represents him as standing, holding his gloves in one hand, and crumpling the border of his ulster in the other. The cabinet size shows him at a three-quarter view, with the ulster buttoned up and the sealskin cap on. His head is inclined somewhat to one side. The second set is more poetical, the most æsthetical attitudes having been taken. In one of these he holds a copy of the English edition of his poems, which he fondly cherishes as a mark of art, the elaborate design of the cover having been made by himself.

Harry Hewitt, who is associated with the management of Oscar Wilde, has asked how the poet liked the pictures.

"HE IS DELIGHTED,"

was the reply. "Although many pictures have been taken of him, he says he has never had a satisfactory one before—that is, a good likeness, and artistic finish."

"Do actors and actresses generally regard American pictures superior to those taken in Europe?"

"They all say they do. All agree that the best photographs taken on the other side are those done by Vienna artists, and, in respect to softness of outline, they are very superior. But for faithfulness of reproduction, skill in posing the subject, and for successful manipulation of light and shade, the photographers of this country excel all others."

Tap a wine butt and there is no end of wine. Tap a theatrical man and there is no end to what he will tell you. So the manager went on to say that there were many instances in the theatrical picture line. Some of the leading artists employ men to keep on the look-out for desirable subjects. One of the most successful men ever engaged at this peculiar occupation is Longworth, who is now playing a part in the play of Chanfrau. The first qualification necessary is a large acquaintance, and the second a pleasing address—a smiling countenance and a pleasing way. To lack these would be to fail utterly. When a beauty is discovered, or one who has already sat is wanted again, the diplomatist is given the commission, and he is pretty sure to succeed, as it is as hard for a woman to resist the blandishments of a handsome well-mannered man as for a man to be indifferent to the charms of an attractive woman.

As soon as it is known that some celebrated player or person of renown is coming to this country the leading photographers are on the alert to secure an engagement.

STAR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

are more sought after than any other class. As one would imagine, an actress with a good figure and a pretty face in time gets tired of posing and tries to elude the insatiable picture taker. But the photographer is not to be baffled: various devices are resorted to to catch the rebellious beauty. One of these is to make repeated visits to the green room at the theatre until the actress, in a moment of desperation, gives her consent. Sometimes the photographer's wily diplomatist secures an interview with an actress or a prima donna by representing himself as somebody that he is not. During the course of the conversation he will say (incidentally, of course—devilish sly, these fellows) that his friend so and so, the photographer, desired to make an appointment with her. This method is sometimes successful; but sometimes the importuned actress will indulge in a little real passion that is not pleasant for the visitor. When an appointment is made, the subject, already prepared for the posing room, is taken to the gallery in a coupe. Champagne and delicacies are brought in from a neighboring restaurant to make a social enjoyable time of it. There never were such scenes in photograph studios as when Pauline Markham was in her glory. At a gallery in Fourteenth street, she held in those days receptions on Sundays, and many admirers of her physical beauty were admitted to see her pose in costumes decidedly unconventional—scanty, colorcbbly, ethereal. Richard Grant White was often at these Sunday receptions, and it is said that he manifested as much enthusiasm over the graceful curves of her remarkably symmetrical figure as he does now over Shakspeare's unrivalled poetry. So the manager said, and he seemed to know.

The first person to receive a money consideration for sitting was Charles Dickens, when he came on his first visit to this country. He sat for Gurney, who was great in those days. This got out, and,

WHEN FANNY KEMBLE CAME,

she refused to sit for less than $200—a small sum to pay now for a subject of her distinction, but at that time no woman would pay it. The only picture of her extant is a small daguerreotype, which was taken when she was a girl of 15. Bernhardt, through her native shrewdness, got $1500, which, through her shrewdness again, she nearly doubled by taking her pay in photographs and selling them on her tour through the country. Of all pictures, those of Maud Branscombe are in most demand, and Mara has paid her as much as $100 a day for sittings, and has taken hundreds of pensions. It was a paying venture, as her pictures sell all over the world. Patti was paid $1000, having been engaged before she left Europe. No pictures of her have appeared, and the reason is said to be that she claimed that each one (she had 30 sittings) made her look too old. It is also said that she refused to return the money.

While the photographs of actresses, singers and beautiful women are thus made the subject of speculation, it is a well-attested fact that those of very few men have met with a profitable sale. Of all men, perhaps—at least of actors—Montague and Rignauld (who rode on the stage astride a white horse as Henry V.) have sold best. Of course, pictures of these men, who received pecks of gushing love letters every day, would be sought for by their infatuated admirers. This comparatively small demand for men arises from the fact that only women buy them, for a man is seldom found who cares aught for another man's portrait. With women it is different. They go to see Mary Anderson, Kate Claxton, Maud Granger and the others at the theatres,

RAVE OVER THEIR BEAUTY,

ask them for their autographs and buy their pictures—all this, it may be said, because of their superior æsthetic sense.

"We had faith in the commercial value of Oscar Wilde's pictures, and we would not accept the first offers made," said Mr. Hewitt. He was a man, to be sure, but one of unusual interest even in a mere pictorial sense. His tall figure, shock of flowing hair and peculiarities of dress were all points in his favor as a subject for a picture, and it was also considered that the artistic ideas that he would have regarding his sittings would be of value. Sarony took this view and made a good proposition."

"How much did he pay the poet?"

"Not as much as Bernhardt or Patti, but the arrangement is very satisfactory."

HALL-HAYNES.

## LOCAL VARIETIES.

The annual fair at Boffin's Bower for the purpose of raising funds to provide free dinners for persons out of employment will open Tuesday, Jan. 24.

Rebecca Eaton (colored) was knocked down by boys coasting on a "double-runner" on Grove street Saturday evening, and injured about the legs and hips.

Officer Dugan of the 1st division, on Saturday evening, arrested Cornelius Bresnahan, for the larceny of a hack from D. M. Oliver & Co., 26 Samuel Hall Market.

Thomas O'Connor of No. 183 Ninth street, South Boston, fell on the sidewalk on Harrison avenue, Saturday evening, and fractured his left leg. He was taken to the City Hospital.

Rev. Mrs. Skinner and Mrs. William H. Bonner, residing in Somerville, while out on the Brighton road, Saturday afternoon, in a sleigh, were run away with, thrown out, and somewhat bruised.

Frank McFarlin is under arrest at station 4, charged with snatching a shopping bag, containing $15.30 in money, from Miss Julia Donovan, as she was passing along the Common, Saturday afternoon.

Saturday evening Catherine Ingraham was arrested at station 4 for drunkenness. Soon after she was placed in a cell she tried to hang herself, but was detected and sent to the city prison, and placed in a strait-jacket.

Mrs. K. Odell of 62 West Cedar street had a pocketbook containing $15 in money, snatched from her hand, by a a boy of 17, on the corner of Hancock and Cambridge streets, Saturday night. Mrs. Odell, a year ago, was robbed of $150 in money.

Robert McCool of 299 East Eighth street, South Boston, was at work Saturday, covering steam pipes at the Bay State Iron Works, when the staging gave way, precipitating him 12 feet, and fracturing his collar bone. He was taken to the City Hospital.

A man named Ferguson, employed as a lamplighter in East Boston, reported at station 2 that his wife was enticed by a woman into a house on Howard street, Saturday night, and robbed of all the money he had on his person. He looked as if he had fared hard at the hands of some violent person during the evening.

Mr. John T. Canavan of the West end is dangerously ill. To aid him, a complimentary ball will be tendered since his friends at St. Joseph's Hall, West end, the 20th inst., the arrangements for the same being in the hands of Councilman John R. Fitzpatrick, T. D. Heffernan and J. J. Kennedy. Canavan's case is a deserving one.

Sergt. Haney and Officer Healy of the 1st division, one afternoon last week, made seizures of liquor at the following places: Julis Moody, 155 Richmond street; D. Manson, 91½ Portland street; Neil O'Donnell, 129 Portland street, and Charles McNamee, 1½ Market street. The same officers, later in the evening, seized a quantity of gaming implements at 165 Blackstone street.

At the Pacific National Bank everything is moving along successfully. Parties are making payments of their 100 per cent. assessment very freely. One party on Saturday brought in a receipt for new stock—but his certificate was issued for 200 per cent. In this case it amounted to $4000. The prospects are good for an early starting of business under favorable auspices.

Seven months ago Nora Murphy, 22 years old, came from Ireland to this country. She had no relatives here, but soon obtained employment in Roxbury. Saturday afternoon she arrived on the 2:45 o'clock train from Holyoke, but on reaching here she found herself too ill to leave the car. Dr. Hastings was summoned, and soon after his arrival a male child was born. The mother was made comfortable and subsequently taken to the Chardon Street Home.

William Sullivan, alias King, of good family, but inclined to be a pugilist, pedestrian and sport generally, went into Henry Max's restaurant, 34 Montgomery place, late Saturday night, and raised a disturbance. Sullivan tried to beat the bar for the drinks, and finally broke two large panes of glass out of spite. He was arrested by Sergt. Daley of the 2d division. Sullivan is the person who, some time ago, committed numerous assaults in the South Cove district, and who fared hard at the hands of the police.

The financial statement of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association states that the receipts of the recent exhibition were $112,946.20 and the expenses $80,282.41, leaving a profit of $32,563.79. The property owned by the association, including building and contents on Huntington avenue, Revere House stock, cash, etc., is put down at $610,811.73. The indebtedness is put at $270,000. The estimated income for 1882 is put at $40,565.67, which includes an estimated income of $30,000 for lease of halls, and the estimated expenditures are put at $32,800.


## Drink, Smoke and Be Merry.

Labouchere declares that those who have at last got reconciled to enjoying most poisons freely—tobacco, beer, wine, spirits, coffee—need not have scruples lest they should injure their health, or shorten their lives, or set a bad example, for a close attention to medical opinion will, if they entertain such notions, entirely reassure them.

"I notice," says he, "that poisons, like fashionable health resorts, come up and go out as the medical imagination or the popular craze may happen to jump. One year we are told how a drop of tobacco juice kills a cat; the next year beer brings rheumatism, wine is responsible for gout, spirits for insanity and coffee for bile. Tea was my last stronghold. Sir Henry Thompson had informed the world that afternoon tea would not be so bad if it were not for the cream taken with it. So I left off cream, and was comparatively happy with milk; when, to my horror, I learned from another distinguished medical authority that tea would be even wholesome and nourishing, if people always took cream with it, but that milk in tea sets up a peculiarly acid fermentation with the chemical in digestion. This last shock was tremendous; but upon recovering from it, I determined to eat, drink, smoke and be merry, whatever doctors might write about my food and my liquor. Since I have acted on this resolution, my health has been excellent."

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofulous, or blood-purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a portoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Ask druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.


# IN WINTER QUARTERS.

## A Stroll Through the Buildings of a Great Circus.

## How Men and Beasts are Prepared for the Ring.

## Performers' Salaries—The Cost of Advertising.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., Jan. 13, 1882. In a huge wooden building on the outskirts of this thriving, though somnolent, city the other day, the first thing I saw was an elephant, sitting solemnly upon a big chair, calmly fanning herself with a wide palm leaf. Eight or 10 feet in front of the animal stood a rather short man, with very black hair, watchful eyes, a blue flannel shirt and gray clothes. In his hand he had a hickory stick, upon the end of which was an iron similar to that used upon a boat-hook. When the man moved his hickory stick the elephant worked her fan. Then she picked up a bell and rang it. After that she arose from the chair and placidly walked over to the side of the building, and began to switch herself with small bunches of hay. The building was the elephant house of Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson, the man with the stick was George Arstingstall, the trainer, and the animal was the famous "baby elephant," born two years ago in Philadelphia, now taking her first lessons in ring deportment.

It was my first visit to a great show in winter quarters. Circuses I had seen from earliest boyhood, when I would rather crawl under a canvas flap unobserved than be a congressman, but I had always confessed to a vague and unsatisfied yearning for a circus in its winter quarters What the people and animals do in the ring long ago ceased to enthuse my sated spirit; but what they do when not publicly employed has long puzzled my mind. It was in response to my inquiries upon this topic that Mr. Hutchinson of the "big show" suggested a visit to Bridgeport.

I PRESUME HE IS RIGHT

When he tells me that no circus ever organized can boast of such complete arrangements for taking care of its property in winter. Only a few rods from the track of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, at the eastern end of Bridgeport, are the extensive buildings of this concern. They are long, low wooden structures, warmly built and elaborately painted. They skirt an immense yard, which is square, like the court of a Mexican residence. Car-sheds, offices, harness-rooms, animal quarters, a wagon factory, a building where the performers practise their various feats without exposure to the weather, and various other conveniences not generally known by "laid up" shows and showmen, are here compactly grouped together.

"The advantages of such a system, said Mr. Hutchinson, a blonde-moustached young man, who looks like a prosperous merchant—and does not wear a diamond stud—are plain. We can keep everything right under our own eyes, and when we come to start out in the spring, we know precisely where to lay hands on each parcel of the show. Of course, we don't make all our paraphernalia ourselves. Some man, the professional builder of these vehicles, is at this time constructing 17 big ones for us. We are going to have chariots exclusively next season; that is, all our animal cages will be made in that fashion, instead of having them merely painted as we did last year. The difference in cost is considerable. Sebastian will build us an ordinary cage for from $400 to $900, according to strength and finish. Chariots cost from $1500 upward. We are doing this for the sake of having a change next season. That's what paralyzes showmen most. Big concerns can't afford to go into towns twice with the same features. If they do it, the people become dissatisfied, and that settles the whole business. No, sir; we must— Look out!"

I looked out. It was just as well that I did, for at that instant the trunk of the big elephant which stood behind me went

WHIZZING PAST MY RIBS

with a rapidity that was not reassuring. The animal's name is Mandrie, and he is about as innocent an old sinner in his looks as I ever set eyes upon. When he found that he had missed me, he went on eating his hay with an air which seemed to say that he wanted me to think he had been in fun. The same beast, only a few weeks ago, knocked a prominent scientist down with such force as to leave him senseless. Then he tried to step on the gentleman, but couldn't quite reach him, and so contented himself with smashing his silk hat. The prominent scientist was there for the purpose of viewing the elephant Queen, who is shortly to become a mother, and who may at this moment be enjoying the first blessings of parental maternity. Mandrie is a vicious brute. Upon the occasion in question Mandrie was very properly and very soundly "walloped" for his facetious interference with the cause of science. But the lesson was without lasting effect—unless, indeed, he thought he might very properly annihilate a newspaper man.

"Don't elephants ever learn not to do such things?" I asked.

"Well," replied the trainer, "you can teach them almost anything, and they won't often damage anybody with whom they are familiar. They have ugly streaks, just like some human beings I know of, but, mainly, they're gentle enough. If they don't mind, you've got to make 'em, that's all. First let an elephant understand what you want